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# The Night Has Eyes

By Alan Kennington

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Very well, girls. Have a happy holiday  
and goodbye until next term.

You may go now.

Miss Ives.

Yes, dear?

Will you be taking us for next term?

I hope so, Muriel.

Happy holiday, Miss Ives.

Goodbye.

Goodbye.

Goodbye.

Come on Marian,

let's get out of this dump.

Carne House is not a dump.

If you were a real teacher ..

Thank heavens I'm not.

It's bad enough being Games Mistress.

I sometimes wonder

what is your favourite game.

If you really want to know, it is one

I couldn't possibly teach the kids.

Miss Drake.

It's Golf.

I suppose you two are

off on some gay adventure.

We would if I had my way.

We were offered rooms at Bridgepool.

The place is absolutely

crawling with Air Force boys.

But no. Marian insists on

going to the Yorkshire moors.

The moors?

You're .. you're not going to

where poor Evelyn was lost?

Yes. We are.

Well, I don't know how

you have the courage.

When I think of Evelyn,

lost on those awful moors.

Being dragged down into

one of those dreadful bogs.

Rubbish .. it's more

likely she met some man.

And went off with him.  
That's a lie.  
Miss Ives.  
It's not the first time you've made  
rotten insinuations about Evelyn.  
I know you hated her youth and charm.  
As deputy head of the school, I must ..  
Deputy head, my deputy foot.  
We're on holiday now.  
Come on Marian, if we must go to  
Yorkshire, we might just catch the train.  
Well .. goodbye.  
Goodbye, Ives.  
So long, playmates.  
Don't do anything your  
mothers warned you not to.  
You mustn't be hard on the girl.  
Remember, she isn't English.  
She is no lady.  
Ow!  
The things I do for glamour.  
Can you imagine a man doing this for us?  
We're in a "Ladies Only".  
I know.  
And do you mean you deliberately let me  
get into this without a word of warning?  
The other carriages were all so crowded.  
Marian Ives.  
You may be able to make me give up a  
perfectly good holiday in Bridgepool ..  
To go to your blasted, forsaken moors.  
But if you think I'm traveling in a  
Ladies Only on a train thick with men ..  
Did you see that?  
If it hadn't been for that stupid  
sign, he'd have come in.  
A friend of yours?  
Well .. I did kind of .. notice him.  
I heard one of his  
friends call him "doctor".  
That's it.  
All you have to do is to be taken ill,  
and you're perfectly set.  
Oh, don't be so ridiculous ..

Oh.  
Oh.  
Oh!  
Oh ..  
Doris, what is it?  
Hey, stop it! Do you hear?  
I'm a doctor. Can I help?  
Well, it isn't really necessary.  
It's looks rather serious.  
Oh?  
Hmm. Only one thing for it.  
We'll have to inject strychnine.  
Strychnine? Isn't that rather dangerous?  
Oh, rather. Kill .. or cure.  
Now let me see .. I'm not certain  
whether it's a third of a gram or .03.  
You know, I always get muddled  
up between fractions and decimals.  
Oh well, we'll just  
have to trust to luck.  
Do you know, I believe  
it was three grams?  
Why, where am I?  
Who are you?

**The name:**

Present intention: get you out of here.  
Get you a cup of tea as soon as possible.  
Now, we're quite close to the  
dining car. It's just along on the left.  
It's awfully kind of you, Doctor.  
I hate wasting your time.  
Don't worry. You won't.  
Oh, doctor.  
Now, off you go.  
Aren't you coming with me?  
I might easily faint again.  
That's the sort of faint you never  
have twice .. with the same doctor.  
I am grateful to your friend. I was  
wondering how I could introduce myself.  
And you don't seem to have  
made the most of your chance.  
I'm doing my best.

Doctor, you may not realize it,  
but this is a "Ladies Only."  
That's one of the great advantages  
of having "MD" after one's name.  
They can get you into almost anywhere.  
If you take my advice Miss, you'll not go  
traipsing over the moors this afternoon.  
The glass is falling, and  
weather might be a bit mucky.  
Well that settles it. No lady ever  
goes traipsing in mucky weather.  
Thank you, Sergeant.  
Why, hello.  
Oh, hello.  
Well. This is a pleasant surprise.  
What are you doing here?  
Oh, I just happened to be passing.  
Oh you just "happen to be passing"  
pretty often, don't you?  
It's a gift.  
But what were you doing in the .. clink?  
Just getting some details.  
About the way Evelyn went on  
her last walk across the moors?  
Hmm.  
I wish you'd give up  
that idea .. it's morbid.  
Sorry, Barry. We've been discussing  
all that for the past three days.  
Alright. But at least let me drive you.  
Only part of the way.  
You've got your work to do.  
They only call me in  
for births and deaths.  
The people around this  
place live to be a hundred.  
What about births?  
Very rare.  
The husbands and wives  
don't get on so well together.  
Hop in.  
On my left, you have  
the Yorkshire moors.  
On my right, you have

the Yorkshire moors.  
And when we get over the crest of that  
rise, you'll have a magnificent view ..  
Of the Yorkshire moors.  
You must be psychic.  
Barry, I think we'd better get out now.  
I don't hold with it.  
Big moors are no places for small girls.  
Besides, the Copper was right.  
The weather is going  
to be definitely mucky.  
It's no good, Barry. We're going.  
Say that again, will you.  
About going?  
No. The "Barry" part.  
It always gives me a thrill.  
Idiot.  
Pardon me if I interrupt the love scene  
of the century, but when do we walk?  
Now.  
Will you stop here, Barry?  
Goodbye, Barry.  
Don't worry about the weather. We'll  
be at Pensley long before nightfall.  
Goodbye.  
It's getting like pea-soup.  
And we should never have left the road.  
And that divine Scoutmaster  
said it was a shortcut.  
Never trust divine Scoutmasters.  
Oh, it will pour in a minute.  
Where do you think we are?  
I don't know. I'll get the map.  
This must be Pensley.  
We're here by Puttock Hag.  
What's a Hag?  
The local name for a bog.  
Doris, come back!  
Help .. help!  
Marian .. Marian!  
Help!  
Marian .. Marian.  
I'm sinking.  
I'll get you out.

How far are you from  
the side of the road?  
I'm not a yard away but ..  
I can't get my feet out.  
Get hold of this.  
I'm slipping!  
Hold tight.  
Pull!  
Hold tight.  
My God .. I thought I was done for.  
But I've lost my shoes.  
It's a house.  
And a man.  
Come on.  
We've lost our way and  
we're soaked to the skin.  
And hungry as hell.  
We nearly got in a bog.  
Can you give us shelter?  
Well, make sure you'll  
know us, won't you.  
You'd better come in.  
Nowhere else you can go.  
You had better get dry.  
Give me your things.  
I can't tell you how thankful  
we are to be in here.  
What were you doing outside?  
Walking.  
In the storm?  
I enjoy storms.  
Well, it takes all sort to make a world.  
I once met a man who got  
fun out of swallowing swords.  
I can understand that.  
A sense of isolation.  
Being alone in a world of wind and rain.  
Being alone? Yes, I'm with you there.  
That wouldn't be a help to us.  
You said you were hungry.  
I will get you something.  
Well .. give me Boris Karloff.  
Well, my feet are worn  
down to the ankles.

You know, he looks the kind of fellow  
who buries his wife under the fireplace.  
Oh .. it was a fellow I read about.  
In a book.  
On second thoughts,  
you'd better come and help me.  
It's just as warm in the kitchen.  
If you ask me we're going  
to swing for our supper.  
Bring those eggs and a carving knife.  
There's some bread in that bin.  
Oh heaven. I'm so hungry my  
stomach is sticking to my back.  
Oh, by the way. May I introduce  
Miss Marian Ives - Mr Stephen Deremid.  
How did you know my name?  
It's on the packages in the pantry.  
Noting much misses little Doris.  
Quite the detective, eh?  
Yeah. Nick Carter's grandmother.  
Didn't you know.  
"Stephen Deremid"? There is  
something familiar about that name.  
Suppose we talk about you.  
There is nothing much to tell. We're just  
a couple of schoolteachers on holiday.  
Schoolteachers?  
Don't worry. We won't  
give you a lecture.  
Where do you teach?  
A girl's school at Oxford: Carne House.  
Where? Where did you say?  
Carne House. Do you know it?  
Yes. I've heard the name.  
What made you come to these moors?  
A kind of sentimental journey.  
A friend of mine died here a year ago.  
She was lost in a storm,  
like we were tonight.  
They .. they never found her body.  
These moors are like quicksand.  
They never give up their dead.  
You're telling me. They wouldn't  
even give up my shoes.



I thought I had to come.  
I have to say goodbye to her here.  
I have to see if perhaps by some miracle  
I may be able to find out where she died.  
You may have read about it at the time.  
No, we never get the papers here. This  
house is almost cut off from the world.  
Of course!  
Of course?  
I remember where I  
heard your name before.  
You're Stephen Deremid, the composer.  
Stephen Deremid, who used to compose.  
That's right. You haven't written  
anything for several years.  
I gave up music for war.  
I had an idiotic notion that  
civilization was worth fighting for.  
That nothing that really mattered,  
not even music, can exist under slavery.  
Oh, you were right.  
Was I?  
The world didn't think so.  
I fought in Spain with the Republicans.  
"Reds", they called us.  
In those days, red was a  
very ungentlemanly colour.  
We were worthy fodder for the  
German and Italian bombs.  
Civilization watched on the sidelines to  
make sure there should be no fair play.  
I know it was horrible.  
Criminally stupid.  
I had it all.  
Buried alive by a shell, and then  
for months in an internment camp.  
Thousands of us in the  
open and left to rot.  
Why didn't you compose then?  
I tried.  
It had gone. There seemed no point.  
Need you be bitter?  
After all, the world's learnt its lesson.  
Has it?

Perhaps you're right.  
Things that we bled and died for, so  
unfashionably, are quite the thing today.  
You are bitter.  
Yes. I'm bitter.  
The Spanish war was just a preliminary.  
This is the main event  
and I'm out of it. Cracked.  
Finished.  
Funny, isn't it?  
Doesn't anyone in this  
house ever go to bed?  
I'll show you to your room.  
You can switch on.  
You'll have to make your own beds.  
The housekeeper isn't here.  
She must have been held up by  
the storm. I'll get you some sheets.  
I'll bet they're mouldy.  
You're wrong.  
They haven't been used for fifty years,  
but this cupboard is well aired.  
Fifty years? You wouldn't rather  
we had a couple of shrouds?  
These were a bit before your time.  
But they're warm and dry.  
Not me, thanks.  
I'll stay put in my clothes.  
Please yourself.  
This, believe it or not,  
is an alarm clock.  
I'll set it for eight, and then  
you can leave here early.  
I always say there's nothing like making  
your guests feel they're really wanted.  
I want you to lock the door.  
Well, of all the ..  
Very well.  
It's just .. my housekeeper  
might come back early.  
If she finds the door locked  
she'll know we have company.  
Will you do this?  
If it makes you happier.

It does.  
Well. What do you know about that?  
He can't trust himself.  
It must be that aloof manner of mine.  
Treat them rough and  
they eat out of your hand.  
It reminds me of a picture I  
once saw of Diane de Poitiers.  
Who played opposite her?  
She was a medieval courtesan.  
She went to bed in a sack like that?  
Those old-time girls had a lot to learn.  
They believed in the  
charm of concealment.  
You would have a job selling an  
idea like that to the boys of today.  
What .. what's the matter?  
Evelyn.  
Suddenly I feel ..  
Nearer to her than I've  
ever done since she died.  
It's as though ..  
If I close my eyes and  
open them suddenly ..  
I see her sitting at the  
bottom of the bed.  
Smiling out of the shadows.  
You mean .. she might be here?  
In .. in this room?  
No, no.  
It's just a passing feeling.  
I'm afraid it was because we were  
talking about her downstairs.  
Where are you going?  
To lock the door.  
Oh .. do you think it's  
really necessary?  
After all, nothing ventured,  
nothing gained.  
If you know what I mean.  
I know exactly what you mean.  
[ Piano music ]  
Listen!  
[ Alarm clock ]

Shut that damn thing off.  
Put that light out.  
Do you want to blind me.  
Come along, Doris. Time to get up.  
Achoo!  
I've a hell of a cold in my nose.  
Well, I'm afraid we can't stay  
after what he said last night.  
Oh, that's alright. Darling,  
a Christian martyr. That's me.  
Well, I've always wanted  
to try pneumonia.  
This is purdah,  
that's what it is, purdah.  
Do you see what I see?  
Or is it a mirage?  
Charming, isn't it.  
The bank of the town must have gone.  
It's joined up with the  
river floods to form this.  
Well, however much you may want it, I'm  
not going to swim. I'm going back to bed.  
Are we completely cut off?  
If there is no more rain it  
will drain off fairly rapidly.  
Otherwise you're here until it drops.  
Then, what are we to do?  
I didn't ask you to come.  
Oh, I'm very sorry. We'll try and keep  
out of your way as much as possible.  
I don't want you to go  
ferreting about the house.  
I beg your pardon?  
There's a very natural temptation  
to go looking for secret rooms ..  
And Priest-holes in  
an old house like this.  
Really? I'm not as gullible as all that.  
Oh no?  
Actually there is supposed to be a secret  
room. I've never tried to look for it.  
Oh. A secret room?  
You wouldn't find it.  
So don't bother to try.

There are two other rooms  
you won't be able to get into.  
My bedroom and my study.  
I keep them locked.  
Which of them is Bluebeard's chamber?  
The only flaw in that story is  
that the rescuers came too soon.  
Hey, Marian .. come up here.  
What is it?  
That secret room. We've got to find it.  
I'm nuts about secret rooms.  
Come on Doris, you must go  
back to bed. You'll never find it.  
No, but I'll have one more try.  
Hear that? It's hollow. Come on.  
Look.  
Do you think perhaps  
there is a body inside it?  
Don't be so stupid.  
Let's open it and see.  
No. No.  
I'd rather not.  
Come on, let's go.  
Wait a minute. The secret room.  
It's hollow too. I think  
we've got something here.  
If I get out of this window.  
I may be able to see if there's another  
one between here and the next floor.  
Give me a hand.  
You stay in here. I'll do it.  
Looking for something?  
He's coming up.  
I'm gone!  
I expect you've seen  
everything you want to by now.  
I need someone to give me  
a hand. Any objections?  
Of course not.  
I'll lend you my dungarees and  
my housekeeper's wellingtons.  
Won't she mind?  
Mrs Ranger is a philosopher.  
She never minds anything.

Oh.  
The storm has made a  
nice mess of this roof.  
I've got my grain stored in there.  
Here's your chance to  
make yourself useful.  
Hurry up with that felt.  
I'm coming.  
Come on, come on, come on.  
Ow!  
If you could only see yourself.  
Here, let me give you a hand.  
I can manage quite well, thank you.  
A fine time of year you've  
chosen to go swimming.  
There. You'd better get  
some dry things on.  
I'm perfectly alright, thank you.  
Don't be an idiot.  
What's he been up to?  
Oh, I slipped.  
So did I. But it didn't get  
me that kind of a bed  
Now take your things off.  
I'll get you something to wear.  
They won't be very up-to-date I'm afraid.  
Well?  
Lovely.  
The dress I mean.  
It belonged to my grandmother.  
Would you prefer  
mushroom or mulligatawny?  
I .. I don't know.  
Does it matter?  
Well, make up your mind.  
Well, mushroom.  
Me too.  
Mulligatawny for Doris.  
With her cold, won't it  
be too hot for her?  
Could it be?  
Hmm .. some cook.  
I can cook 57 varieties.  
Talking about cooks,

tell me about your housekeeper.  
Mrs Ranger? She's a treasure.  
I can never tell you how  
much she's done for me.  
She was a nurse in the hospital they sent  
me to after release from the prison camp.  
I wasn't allowed any razors or  
braces or scissors at that time.  
That's the kind of state I was in.  
When I was discharged,  
she came here with me.  
She's been with me ever since.  
Is she the only person here besides you?  
No. There's Sturrock, the odd-job man.  
He drove her over to  
Pensley for her shopping.  
Where did you get that?  
From Evelyn.  
She had one, too.  
Why do you ask?  
No particular reason. I must have  
seen one like it somewhere before.  
Evelyn had a kind of fancy about it.  
She looked on it as a symbol.  
She was to give it to the  
man she fell in love with.  
And did she?  
She never met him.  
And what about you?  
Oh, I ..  
I've met men whose characters I've liked.  
Whose brains I've admired.  
Yet who .. meant nothing to me.  
I've met others.  
Brainless and brutal.  
You know?  
Yes, I know.  
The queer fascination cruelty has.  
The water level is much lower now.  
By tomorrow, you will be able to go.  
I know.  
I saw it from my window  
before I came down.  
I haven't been able to play

like this for almost a year.  
It's as if I were coming to life again.  
Tomorrow, you'll be gone.  
I meant to send you away.  
I still mean to send you away.  
But why?  
Because it would be best for both of us.  
This doesn't it mean anything to you?  
Yes, it does. But it was something beyond  
me. I shouldn't have given way to it.  
Why?  
Don't ask me why. Think  
anything you please but ..  
Don't keep asking me why.  
Very well.  
I know that emotion can be  
real for a moment and then ..  
Die out in a second.  
No, no. It isn't that.  
It's just no good. It's too late.  
You know your own mind best.  
It's your life here.  
You look lovely now.  
It's as if something had  
lighted a lamp inside you.  
I suppose I should thank you for that.  
I'll go to bed now, Stephen.  
I'll leave before you  
get up in the morning.  
Goodbye, Marian.  
Goodbye.  
Uhoh.  
If these old eyes don't deceive me  
there's been a spot of fun and games.  
Did he kiss you?  
Yes.  
Go on.  
That's all.  
Oh ..  
Well, anyway he kissed you.  
You can see that as a wedge.  
Doris. Look at this!  
What is it?  
Don't you see?



It's a Carne House report form.  
How did it get here?  
It may be Osborne House or Belmont House  
or any other house ending with an "e".  
But I recognize the form.  
It is the one we use at Carne  
So do half the schools in England.  
What does it matter, anyhow?  
Don't you see?  
If this is from Carne ..  
Only one person could  
have brought it here.  
Evelyn.  
Evelyn?  
Last night in this room, I ..  
Felt she'd been here.  
Oh, baloney!  
Old Stephen Sourpuss downstairs  
has never even heard of her.  
Then how did it get here?  
Well, it probably blew in from the  
moors and old Sourpuss picked it up.  
He looks the "waste not, want not" type.  
Yes.  
If he saw the name on it .. that  
would account for the kind of ..  
Recognition he gave when he  
heard we came from Carne.  
Come on, let's go to bed.  
Thank heavens the water is down and  
we can leave this place in the morning.  
Yes .. we shan't see Stephen again.  
Come on, dear. I want the loaf.  
You must be Mrs Ranger.  
That's right.  
I reckon you got caught in the storm  
and Mr Deremid gave you shelter?  
Our clothes got wet and he took them away  
for drying. I was looking for them now.  
There's an airing cupboard in the kitchen.  
Depend upon it, that's where they are.  
Hurry along Jim, now.  
Get on with the fireplaces.  
I was only having a look.

Come on, I'll show you.  
Thank you.  
It's dry. Mr Stephen is not  
such a fool for a bachelor.  
Oh.  
Looks as if I'll have to lend you some  
of my stockings. You don't mind?  
Not at all.  
Did Mr Stephen tell you about me?  
Yes.  
Well, he said you seemed to have  
helped him when he needed it most.  
I did my best.  
I'll go and change quickly.  
I've got a friend with me.  
I expect she's wondering  
what's happened to me.  
I'll get the stockings.  
By gum .. the house is full of women.  
Oh .. I'm sorry if I startled you.  
Oh it wasn't that  
Only I'm not used to seeing heavenly  
visions at this time of the morning.  
Visions? Oh, go on.  
There are lots of better  
looking girls than me.  
Not in this house, Miss.  
We haven't had a young lady here for ..  
Oh, quite a long time.  
When was the last?  
I'd better get on with my work.  
Don't be frightened. He won't hurt you.  
Here, stroke him a bit.  
What is he, a monkey?  
No, he's a Capuchin  
He's a rare-un for fleas.  
What's he called?  
Cain.  
It's a good old bible name.  
You know, he sleeps  
with me at night. Aye.  
And he nips me too, if he doesn't  
get his fair share of the bed.  
What about the fleas?

Oh, they don't like my blood.  
But he likes a nibble at a young lady's.  
Oh Doris, this is Mrs Ranger.  
Mr Deremid's housekeeper.  
How do you do?  
And I'm Jim Sturrock.  
This is Cain the Capuchin.  
Your friend has told me  
about your adventures.  
I've a mind you won't be sorry  
to leave these Yorkshire moors.  
Sorry? I'm on my way back to  
civilization if I have to swim.  
I don't think that will be necessary.  
Jim, don't stand gawking there.  
Get the car and drive these young  
ladies to wherever they want to go.  
It's very kind of you, but ..  
I won't hear a word.  
You've done enough walking.  
Besides, the bogs will be even  
more dangerous after these rains.  
I'll see you to the car.  
Come on.  
Now you behave yourself.  
You know, one day he nipped my  
backside. We nearly had a smash-up.  
Hurry up, Jim. The young  
ladies can't wait all day.  
The countryside looks nice after  
its wash and brush-up, doesn't it.  
I always say the earth's  
like a human-being.  
A good bath every now and  
then doesn't do it any harm.  
The only difference is ..  
If the earth doesn't get any water,  
it gets cracked up and dries.  
With a human being it just gets smelly.  
I don't mind a good bath  
myself now and then.  
Whenever I begin to see  
people drawing away from me.  
Jim Sturrock, I say .. Jimmy.

You're beginning to stink.  
You get a nice view of  
Puttock Hag down there.  
You see them three  
paths leading across it?  
Don't you ever try walking on them.  
Or you'll find yourself with  
your head under the mud.  
They say one of the paths  
leads right across it.  
Them that's tried to find out which  
one, have never come back.  
I reckon they've made a nice,  
tasty morsel .. for Puttock.  
Does no-one know the  
path that leads across?  
Well, Mr Stephen thinks he knows it.  
He spends a lot of time  
looking at Puttock.  
It seems to draw him, somehow.  
I hate leaving like this,  
without knowing about Evelyn.  
Go on. It's old Sourpuss  
you're worrying about.  
I hate leaving him, too.  
Don't you see, Doris?  
That report I found last night. And the  
feeling I had just being in the room.  
A whole lot of hooey. The sooner  
you forget about it the better.  
Please stop.  
I'm going back.  
Oh, don't be a fool, Marian.  
I tell you Doris, I've got  
to know about Evelyn.  
Well, don't think I'm going  
with you, because I'm not.  
I'm going back to Bridgepool, for some  
fun, bright lights and normal people.  
Goodbye, Doris.  
Hello .. did you forget something?  
Mrs Ranger .. I had to come back.  
It is Mr Stephen.  
You've caught me with one of my

hobbies. Aren't they dear little things?  
You see, I spin this into wool, and  
then I make jumpers and suchlike.  
I have a lot of village ladies who  
love the little woollies I make.  
Isn't she a pretty creature?  
He's still asleep.

Mrs Ranger.

I suppose I'm not the first  
visitor you've had here?  
You mean tourists and suchlike?  
Hah, short-shrift that sort gets.  
Still. Sometimes there must be  
people you can't turn away.  
Walkers who get lost on the moor.  
Or caught in a storm and coming  
here for shelter as I did.  
You know it's queer you should say that.  
I suppose I ought not  
to mention it, but ..  
You don't look the sort that would talk.  
I'm afraid it might hurt Mr Stephen  
if he was reminded of it again.

Please tell me.

Alright, I will.

Come along, Emily.

It was almost a year ago, a girl came  
here. She'd lost her way on the moors.  
What was she like?

Dark. Very pretty.

She was a School Mistress.

After she left, they got some tale about  
her going down in one of those bogs.

They even sent the Police  
from Pensley up here.

Great gawks .. poking and prying  
about to see which way she set off.

As if she'd lose her way in broad  
daylight, walking back the way she came.

To Brick Fell?

That's right.

I didn't see her go. Jim and I  
went down to Pensley that day.

Mr Stephen saw her off.

You are in love with him, aren't you?  
Same as that one a year ago.  
I suppose you're feeling ..  
That given the time, there's a chance  
that he'll grow very fond of you.  
Yes.  
I'm sorry.  
Understand, I'm not preaching. I don't  
want to make trouble. Only, I like you.  
I don't want to see  
you get hurt. Or him.  
How could he be hurt?  
Easy.  
I fancy you don't understand about him.  
He's the best man I know.  
I'm fond of him like my own son.  
But he's no more use  
now in the outside world.  
Oh, I won't believe that.  
Listen.  
When they downed him in Spain I  
watched that boy come back to life.  
He hated the world and everything in it.  
So he set a wall around  
himself to shut out that world.  
Every year now, he gets  
further and further away from it.  
But suppose I were  
willing to share his life?  
Cut off with him from the outside world.  
A stranger is alright for a  
break but not for a long time.  
In a month, you'll be  
rubbing his nerves raw.  
I've still got to see him.  
Alright.  
I hope it will be easier now after  
what I've said to you. Easier?  
When he tells you to go ..  
Hello, Jim.  
Did you drop the lady at the station?  
Aye. Right tasty bit of stuff, too.  
Now, that's no way to  
talk of a young lady.

Have you been drinking?  
What, at this time of the morning?  
They're not open.  
Come here. Let me smell your breath.  
He's right. They can't be open yet.  
Has the floods done much damage?  
I haven't had a chance to look yet.  
The wall has crumbled,  
on the other side of the gate.  
There's a ruddy great hole there.  
You'd better mend it then.  
No. I'll leave that to the Master.  
Knowing how fond he is of mortar.  
I always said he should  
have been a plasterer.  
Get along now.  
You ought to be working instead  
of jabbering like an old woman.  
Alright.  
You look like could do with some sleep.  
Why not go to your room and rest?  
I'll call you when he wakes  
Come on.  
Psst.  
Psst.  
Psst.  
Cain.  
Cain.  
Come here.  
Come here you little rascal.  
Aah!  
What are you doing here?  
I'm very sorry, Miss.  
I meant no offense.  
Only I came for my monkey.  
I thought he might give you a fright.  
Oh.  
It wasn't him that gave me the fright.  
Come here, you little brat.  
Aren't you ashamed of yourself,  
behaving like that in a lady's bedroom?  
He's almost human though, Miss.  
I shall never forget the first  
time I took him to Pensley.

He found his way into the Ladies ..  
[ Door knocks ]  
Are you alright, my dear?  
When I heard that scream,  
I thought he'd got you.  
What are you doing here?  
Oh, it's alright. He only  
came after his monkey.  
Right. I came after my monkey.  
You great blundering fool. You may have  
scared her out of her life. Off you go!  
Quick! Take your  
monkey with you. Go on!  
It's not a monkey. It's a Capuchin.  
Go on!  
Alright.  
It's not a monkey.  
And get on with your work!  
Jim's got a heart of gold, but he's no  
more brains than one of my rabbits.  
Mr Stephen has been up for an hour.  
When I last saw him, he was  
going down to the stables.  
Good morning.  
Why are you still here?  
Stephen, I know why  
you don't want me here.  
Not only me, but any woman.  
I know that Evelyn was here.  
Well?  
Why didn't you tell me?  
After all, she was my friend.  
And now she's gone.  
I want to know about her.  
Alright, she was here. I sent her away.  
Was it because she was in love with you?  
Yes.  
You didn't love her?  
She could have helped you  
if only you'd loved her.  
I could help you, Stephen.  
If I left here without trying,  
I'd never feel right again.  
This is all very high-minded of you.



You seem to regard me as a  
sort-of male sleeping beauty ..  
To be restored to life by your kiss.  
No.  
You're like someone who's been  
thrown by a horse, or crashed a plane.  
The one way to get your nerve back is to  
get on a horse or go up in a plane again.  
At once.  
Go on.  
The Spanish war was your crash.  
A wound has been buried  
alive by that shelling.  
Above all, your  
bitterness and frustration.  
Oh, you've never even  
tried to climb back.  
You are still buried alive.  
Cut off here from the world.  
Oh listen, Stephen. Use me as your cure.  
I'm flaying myself to  
behave with you like this.  
All I know is .. that I love you.  
Before I go, at least I must  
try and do this for you.  
I see.  
So you think a brief interlude with you,  
would send me back to the world, cured?  
If you'd like to put it like that.  
I'll be anything you want  
for these next few days.  
If only it will make you  
well and happy again.  
After that ..  
Unless you've asked me to stay, I'll ..  
I'd go away for good.  
You are going now.  
You're getting no unctuous  
glow out of saving me.  
You fool! You think I'd turn my back  
on real women, lovely women?  
To change it all for a  
sentimental little schoolmarm?  
Stephen!

What have you got?  
No beauty, no brains.  
Just a l of half-digested  
ideas about life ..  
Picked up in a teachers' common room.  
Now, will you go?  
Marian.  
We're back where we started.  
Let's not think about that now.  
Let us not think about anything  
beyond the next few days.  
And hours.  
I've brought your tablets.  
I don't want any tablets.  
It is the full moon.  
Switch off the light.  
Stephen, what's the matter?  
Your tablets.  
Can I trust you take two  
before you go to bed?  
Will two be enough?  
They weren't last time.  
They will be tonight.  
Alright then.  
For God's sake,  
don't stare at me like that.  
You mustn't be late.  
Don't worry. Miss Ives is going up now.  
Goodnight.  
Goodnight.  
Come on.  
Take them now.  
Miss Marian, I've got  
something to say to you.  
I'll make it short,  
but it won't be sweet.  
You must leave this house. At once.  
Oh Mrs Ranger, please. We've  
been over this so often before.  
I'm sure you mean well, but I know  
what I'm doing, and I'm staying.  
But you don't know the  
risks you're running.  
You've told me often enough.

I may hurt Stephen and  
break my own heart.  
But there is more than that.  
Haven't you felt there is something ..  
Wrong about this house?  
Alright, I'll put it another way.  
Are there things about this place,  
about us, that have puzzled you?  
This is a bad house.  
Surely, you've felt that, too?  
Someone educated, like you?  
Why do you suppose we three live here?  
Cut off from the world.  
You told me why.  
He told me why.  
That's not the half of it, my dear.  
I .. can't tell you .. all.  
I'm like a dog that's whistled two ways.  
I can't say why you should go.  
I can only tell you that you must.  
But why? At least give me some hint.  
For my conscience's sake,  
I've said too much already.  
Please go!  
Get out of here tomorrow.  
Before he wakes up.  
No.  
Whatever it is, I'm staying.  
Alright .. I've done all I can.  
Said all I dare.  
Will you promise me one thing?  
What?  
If you feel or hear anything  
strange that frightens you ..  
Will you come straight to me.  
Yes. I promise you that.  
Always lock this door.  
That's what Stephen said.  
Lock it now .. as soon as I've gone.  
Goodnight, dear.  
Try to sleep.  
Stephen.  
Stephen!  
[ Scream! ]

He's killed him.  
He's just killed Cain.  
His neck is broke.  
Poor little love.  
Poor little Cain.  
If you'd done your duty and kept me in  
sight, you could have spared her this.  
And saved the monkey.  
He isn't a monkey .. he's a Capuchin.  
Take it away.  
Do you think it's safe?  
To leave me?  
Yes, Sturrock.  
I've made my kill for tonight.  
After the war, when I was  
released from that prison camp.  
They shipped me to a hospital at home.  
Mrs Ranger was my special nurse.  
There was a brain specialist there who  
told me a shock like mine might result ..  
In something hidden and permanent  
recurring at certain intervals.  
A full moon?  
Yes .. that's right. The full moon.  
However the authorities were  
satisfied that I was cured.  
And sent me to the sea with Mrs Ranger to  
look after me and give me my medication.  
The landlady had a  
little dog, a Pekingese ..  
That took a great fancy to me.  
And I was very happy there.  
Then, suddenly.  
Everything stopped.  
I woke up one night in  
the middle of the floor.  
With the Pekingese in my hands.  
Dead.  
And my right hand was twisting its neck.  
That was the first of those blackouts  
that the doctor had warned me about.  
I had killed a dog.  
The next time it might be a man.  
Then Mrs Ranger came in.

She knew at once what had happened.  
I think she'd known  
it was going to happen.  
She took the dog and  
got me back to my bed.  
The next day we moved  
on to a cottage in Dorset.  
Well, three months went by.  
I was beginning to feel my confidence  
creep back when it happened again.  
So then I decided to  
hide myself away here.  
I knew what they'd do to me,  
if once they found out.  
Take me and lock me up in a private  
home with tame cat doctors.  
Purring over me like  
a collector's piece.  
Can you bear to think  
of one of those places?  
The bright pretence of being  
one, big, happy family.  
And all the time everyone watching each  
other with furtive looks and loose mouths.  
The nightmare parody of a Hydro.  
I couldn't have stood it, Marian.  
I'd have been in a straight-jacket  
before a month was out.  
So I came here and fooled the world.  
Sometimes after a longer spell than  
usual, I dared to believe I was sane.  
Then it would happen  
again to jerk me back.  
Don't pity me, Marian.  
I've won, in my way.  
I ought to be locked up,  
put away. But I'm free.  
My own land and my own house.  
I draw cheques and they honour them.  
I've cheated the world alright.  
Each day, for almost five years,  
I've mused a little about that.  
Stephen, this may not be incurable. You've  
no idea what can be done to your mind.

Do you think I'd risk that?  
Oh, it's such a pitiful waste.  
There is to be no talking  
from you when you go.  
It's all so wrong.  
I'll decide that.  
I ought to have turned you  
out of this house at once.  
Now you know why I have to send you  
away. Why you have to lock your door.  
I love you. You forced that out of me.  
Don't use it to betray me.  
You've got to promise me that.  
But Stephen, you know ..  
Now go to bed.  
I want to be by myself.  
Good morning.  
Morning.  
I'd have given anything for it  
not to have happened like that.  
I've tried to tell you so many  
times, but I just couldn't.  
The fool Sturrock should have kept by him.  
Or failing that, stopped you seeing him.  
I should have found out in time anyway.  
It would never have altered anything.  
I wish you'd gone when I begged you to.  
At least I know now it's not  
because he doesn't love me.  
Besides .. I'm coming back.  
You can't do that. It's not safe for you.  
No, I've thought of all that.  
Think of him!  
He wouldn't be able to bear seeing you  
watch him knowing you know about him.  
Mrs Ranger. I believe this  
thing of Stephen's is curable.  
It is not organic and  
it's not hereditary.  
It's the result of an old shock.  
A darkness that comes and goes.  
If we could get a brain specialist ..  
Mr Stephen would never allow that.  
I know the man.

One of the finest in the world.  
Of course, Stephen mustn't know. He must  
come here casually, on some excuse.  
I see, but tell me something.  
Mind you, I don't want to cram all this.  
How much would a big man like that cost?  
Oh dear .. I hadn't thought about that.  
I may be able to raise something myself.  
Borrow against what's coming to me, but ..  
Not enough, I'm afraid.  
I think I might be able to find it here.  
How?  
Listen.  
Mr Stephen's great grandfather had  
a lot of gold cups and things.  
They found most of it when he died.  
But the things he cared for most are  
supposed to be hidden in the house.  
If that is so, I know where they are.  
In a secret room?  
How did you know about that?  
When we first came, Stephen told me  
about it, but he said he never found it.  
I think I know where it is.  
I believe I do, too.  
Where?  
On the floor above this, is a  
little window covered with ivy.  
You can only see it  
if you look closely.  
That's where I think. If there's a thing  
of value hidden, that's where it will be.  
Oh but I ..  
I don't feel right about going in there.  
Well, you're doing it for his sake.  
Yes.  
Yes, that's true.  
But how and when?  
Well, Sturrock is driving us both  
into Pensley this afternoon.  
Mr Stephen has to see his bank  
manager so he has to go.  
You'll have at least an hour.  
And then you can try to get in.

Very well.

I'm so glad we're going to be partners in helping him.

Hmm.

Still here, eh?

I suppose, more than ever you want me to go?

No, not yet.

Remember my saying something to you last night. Something about a promise?

What exactly did you want me to say?

You know very well.

You found out my ..

Well, let's be thoroughly dramatic and call it "my secret".

I want you to promise that it remains a secret.

Oh, you know I'd never tell as an informer.

But if I did mention your case to anyone, it would only be to help you.

That's just what I'm afraid of.

That you'll go to some quack brain specialist.

Only too eager to use me as a guinea pig, until ..

He tired of the experiment and handed me over to the authorities.

Oh, but Stephen.

Every doctor is as much under the seal of secrecy as a Priest.

You forget something.

Madmen are public enemies.

Understand this. You are not discussing me with anyone in the outside world.

Anyone. Do you understand?

Suppose I decide I know better?

I love you. That gives me some right in the matter.

None at all. It's my life.

You give me that promise?

And if I don't?

Once again, you've forced me to be dramatic.



Until you do promise, I can't  
allow you to leave the house.

I see.

[ Door knocks ]

Come in.

Look dear. I've brought you some lunch.

He says you're not to leave your room.

What's the meaning of it?

I'm afraid he's getting suspicious  
about what I might do.

Then you mustn't do it.

It's too dangerous.

Dangerous?

But Marian ..

I'm frightened for you.

There is something more you know,  
you haven't told me about.

I don't know, thank God.

I don't even want to suspect.

Tell me. Please.

I never meant to tell you  
this, but now I must.

That girl who was here last year.

She found out about Mr Stephen.

She wanted to do like you.

Bring a doctor up here to see him.

He couldn't talk her out of it.

She was so determined.

They say she went down in Puttock Hag.

Nobody ever found her body.

And we never saw her leave the house.

I know what you're thinking.

It's not true.

Impossible.

So you see why mustn't do any more.

Run further risks.

I am still going on with my plan.

Oh, you do love him, don't you.

Alright, then.

I'll have Jim get out the long ladder.

It's by the side of the house.

He won't go past that way.

[ Door knocks ]

Mrs Ranger.

Alright.

I'm going to lock you in.

When I come back,

we'll talk about the future.

Sturrock.

Aah!

What are you doing up there?

What is all this? Exterior decorating?

I say, is anything the matter?

Steady.

I'm alright.

It's just coming into the sunlight  
after the gloom in there.

What is it? A secret room?

How did you know?

Elementary my dear Watson.

The ladder and your antics tell me  
that the door on the inside is blocked.

Oh. Well, why are you here?

Two reasons. One of them  
is your luscious girlfriend.

Doris?

Yes.

I ran into her in Bridgepool.

She told me a crazy story  
about a mysterious house.

And bits of paper stuck  
in a wardrobe door.

And a locket given to a dead girl.

And an anti-social sort of  
blighter called Stephen.

So .. I thought I'd come along  
here and do a bit of snooping.

Oh .. you said there were two reasons.

Why yes. Didn't I tell you?

I'm in love with you.

Now Barry, please.

I know, I know.

We only met a couple of weeks ago.

Spent a few days together.

But it doesn't make any difference.

My heart turned over when I  
saw you sitting in that carriage.

And it's been whizzing around

like a flywheel ever since.  
Oh Barry, please. I can't listen.  
Alright. I'm watching the fences.  
But tell me one thing.  
Huh?  
Do you love anyone else?  
No .. no!  
I heard you the first time.  
Barry, please will take  
me away from here. Now.  
That's what I've come for. The car is  
around the corner with Doris in it.  
She couldn't face  
coming back to the house.  
I'll go and get my things.  
Wait here for me.  
Have another cake.  
No thank you.  
Oh go on, it won't hurt you.  
Men like curves.  
So they tell me.  
And what else did they tell you?  
Well, they didn't have a  
chance to tell me much.  
There was I, in a town full  
of the gorgeous beasts.  
And there was Jiminy conscience on my  
shoulder nagging me to go back to Marian.  
And Jiminy conscience won.  
For the first and last time.  
You know, it was luck my running into  
you as soon as you arrived at Bridgepool.  
You're telling me. I didn't fancy  
meeting Dracula on my own.  
Oh, come on Marian. Snap out of it.  
Forget about old Sourpuss.  
Leave her alone, Doris.  
I understand how you feel.  
I don't wonder you would have been  
shaken at what you found in that room.  
What room? What .. what did you find?  
You went in there?  
Yes. I nipped up the ladder while  
you were packing your things.

You .. you saw it?  
The skeleton? Yes.  
A skeleton?  
I might have known he'd  
have one knocking around.  
As a possible future coroner,  
it rather interested me.  
I mean, how long he'd been there.  
He'd been there?  
Some old Priest, I dare say.  
That was probably a Priest hole.  
A man?  
Certainly.  
And I should think at  
least 300 years old.  
Do you know what you're saying?  
Rather. The one thing I  
can't be fooled on is bones.  
When I was a medical student,  
they brought me a skeleton and ..  
Barry, will you take me back?  
I thought you might be wanting that.  
Well, this is where I came in.  
Coming?  
Not me.  
I prefer to keep my  
skeleton in my clothes.  
Well, she was a luscious  
beast, I can tell you.  
So, speaking the  
language like a native ..

**I said to her:**

"Mademoiselle, voulez vous .."  
You love him very much, don't you.  
Yes.  
This will do, Barry.  
Please drop me here.  
Can't I take you up to the house?  
No. I'd rather walk.  
Shall I wait for you?  
No.  
I won't be coming back.  
Get her, Jim!

I might have known you'd come back.  
Standing there so quietly  
while I planted the little bunny.  
A proper sly piece, isn't she.  
You're right.  
I shall have to get Jim  
to pull your throat out.  
How shall we do it?  
We can take her upstairs  
and do it there.  
Then plant her by his bedside.  
When he wakes up, tell him he did it.  
He'll be more under us than ever, then.  
I think you're wrong, Jim. He's so  
high-minded he might give himself up.  
Aye.  
Perhaps the Puttock Hag  
is better after all  
I think you're right, Jim.  
Really I do.  
Hurry up.  
She's coming to, Jim.  
You didn't hit her hard enough.  
I will next time.  
Ahh!  
Go on, scream.  
There's nobody to hear you.  
Why did you this to Stephen?  
Why do people do most things? Money.  
And he paid us very well,  
didn't he Jim, to look after him.  
Us knowing his weakness for killing.  
He didn't kill .. I know that now.  
Those animals he found dead.  
Even Cain.  
You killed them!  
Not bad. You've got brains.  
Those sleeping tablets.  
They just make him unconscious, while  
you planted dead things in his hands.  
Proper funny the way he took them and  
thought they were doing him good.  
You must have planned this  
all from the very beginning.

When you were his nurse in hospital.  
That's right. I did.  
You're evil.  
To have him dependent on you,  
and yet to make him suffer.  
There was fun in that.  
To watch him try to escape and jerk him  
back as he thought he was getting free.  
It was real fun, that was. Ha ha.  
Get her, Jim!  
Thought you'd get away, eh?  
Just like your Evelyn, and she ended  
up in Puttock Hag as you're going to.  
You killed Evelyn?  
Yes.  
She got the same bee  
in her bonnet as you.  
Of course one thing we couldn't have was a  
specialist coming and finding he was sane.  
So we had to stop her.  
A rare cool one, Mrs "R", isn't she.  
Jim, we're wasting time.  
Will you do it or shall I?  
Let me.  
I've never done it before.  
[ Gunshot! ]  
Ahh!  
Don't move! Either of you.  
I'm sorry I had to let  
you go through all this.  
I had got to hear  
everything they had to say.  
I've been following from the beginning.  
You're surprised to see this,  
aren't you Mrs Ranger?  
It's my one secret you  
haven't shared with me.  
I brought it back from Spain and kept it  
by me. It's been a great comfort to me.  
Every night I look at it and I think ..  
If every it does become unbearable,  
before they start chaining me down.  
There is always this way out.  
And now it seems there

is another use for it.  
You killed Evelyn.  
You were going to kill me,  
only I took longer to die.

**Think of it:**

and think you were mad.  
Well .. what are you  
going to do about it?  
I'm going to take you to  
Pensley, to the Police.  
And charge us with the  
murder of Evelyn Prentice?  
Spinster of God-knows-what parish.  
Oh, don't make me laugh.  
Where is your evidence?  
A story told by this  
hysterical girl and you.  
A man whose actions for years  
have been those of an idiot.  
Besides, you can't have  
a murder without a body.  
And I can see them draining  
the Puttock for that.  
Alright, Mrs Ranger.  
I'll convict you and sentence you myself.  
No, Stephen. No.  
I'd like to shoot you and watch you die.  
But I'll not be your executioner.  
I'll leave the judgment to that.  
You see those three paths?  
Well, you know the story.  
One of those goes through to the other  
side, the other two end in slime.  
You can take your choice.  
And if you choose wrong, you can  
think of Evelyn as you go down.  
He means it.  
You had better start.  
I might change my mind.  
I'm thankful for every moment you've  
suffered these last .. five .. years.  
Come on. Come on.  
We'll take the left.

No. Centre .. centre.  
To the left. Trust me, I know.  
Get off me or he'll  
kill us if you don't.  
Pull yourself together.  
I tell you we're alright.  
They are going to get across.  
I said to you this is the wrong path.  
Shut up.  
I'm going back.  
And have him shoot you?  
I don't care. I'm not  
going to die in the bog.  
I'm going back.  
Stephen it's .. it's horrible.  
If only they had chosen right.  
They did.  
That's why I let them go.  
This is the path that goes across.  
T-G